

# KENTISH DICK;

## OR, THE Lusty Coach-Man of *Westminster*.

With an Account how he Tickled the Young Lasses, and caused  
their sad Lamentation.

Tune of, *Let Mary live long.*

*Licensed according to Order.*



**I**n Westminster town,  
you there may discover,  
a wabering lover;  
The tawny and brown,  
as well as the fair,  
He will commonly court,  
He is right for the sport:  
a Coach-man by trade,  
Stout brown young Richard,  
Stout brown young Richard,  
a delicate blade.

He came out of Kent,  
with delicate trimming,  
for pleasing young women;  
He gibe's them content,  
wherever he goes:  
He'll have at them all,  
Both the short and the tall;  
and follows the trade:  
His name is stout Richard,  
His name is stout Richard,  
a brown young blade.

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His name is stout Richard,  
His name is stout Richard,  
a brown young blade.



He's loath to be ty'd,  
to any one woman;  
he love's to live common,  
The name of a hyde,  
he cannot endure:  
When he's weary of one,  
To another he'll run,  
now this is the trade  
Of lusty stout Richard,  
Of lusty stout Richard,  
that dexterous blade.

He's wanton and wild,  
a Stallion he passes,  
and five or six lasses,  
Are gotten with child  
by him, as I hear;  
Yet he'll marry with none,  
Though they make their sad moan,  
but does them degrade:  
A bawny young fellow,  
A bawny young fellow,  
a dexterous blade.

Dear Richard, one cries,  
Behold my condition,  
with humble submission,  
And watry eyes,  
pour love I intreat,  
Tell me, when we shall wed?  
You have my maiden-head.  
he does her degrade,  
And swears he'll not marry,  
And swears he'll not marry,  
no impudent blade.

Soe told him again,  
when first he bitt up her,  
he would not abuse her:  
Yet this was in vain,  
like Hector he swore,  
That he'd never be ty'd,  
To any one hyde:  
thus did he degrade,  
The poor loving creature,  
The poor loving creature,  
that once was a maid.

A horrible crime,  
some say, their is seven,  
and other say even,  
At this very time.  
with child by this park;  
Who does wabble about,  
for to find the knave out,  
that does them degrade:  
He cries he hath knight it,  
He cries he hath knight it,  
an impudent blade.

We'll geld him, says one,  
of murther we'll free him,  
if ever we see him,  
Or he'll over-run  
all maids of the town:  
Let's sever from him,  
That unruly limb,  
which did us degrade;  
He is, I must tell you,  
He is, I must tell you,  
an impudent blade.